

REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™ BIN-SEATS TO BE WON!

MARVEL
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THE REAL

Nº92 45p

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GHOSTBUSTERS™



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Just when you thought it was safe to go back to the newsagent's shop, out comes Issue ninety-two of **The Real Ghostbusters** comic. An action-packed issue it is too, as the cover shows. That's just as well as the Ghostbusters get rather more than they bargain for in the text story '**Bored Spook-less!**'

Janine also gets more than she bargains for when she goes shopping for a new dress in the sales, in '**Ghostly Bargain!**' But you can't make a dummy out of Janine Melnitz, well, not if you want to stay on this side of the Astral Plane! Apart from the latest **Ghostbusters II** film adaptation, there's an absolutely fantastic competition for you to win one of sixty splendidly spooky Primeur Bin Seats. So what are you waiting for?

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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



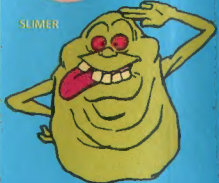
RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDEMORE

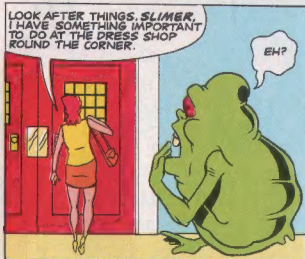
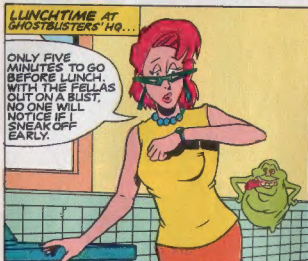


JANINE
MELNITZ

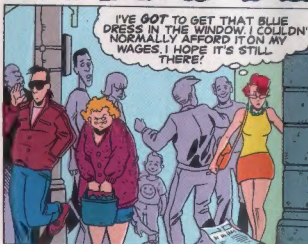


SLIMER

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



GHOSTLY BARGAIN!





OH, MY WORD! THE DUMMIES AND DRESSES HAVE COME ALIVE! I KNEW I SHOULD NEVER HAVE BOUGHT THAT CLOTH FROM THE B.L. ZEBUS FABRIC COMPANY!



WAIT A MINUTE, BUSTER, THAT'S MY DRESS YOU'VE GOT ON, AND I WANT IT!



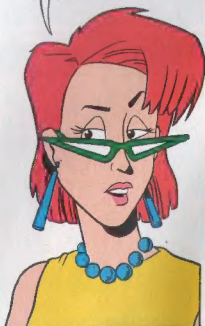
NO DUMMY IS GOING TO MAKE A DUMMY OUT OF ME!

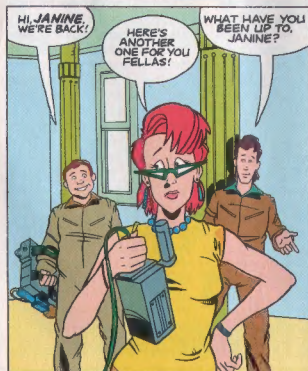
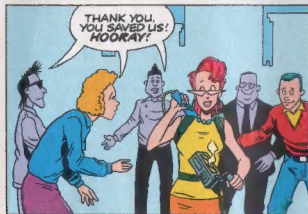


HEY, GUYS YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME...



OH NO. THEY'RE NOT BACK YET. I CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE THAT DRESS. UNLESS...





SPENCER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE

Neil Spraint of Chalfont St. Giles wrote to me to ask if clothing ever gets haunted. He had doubts recently, he explained, about the innocent nature of a tie that his Aunt Lisa had given him the Christmas before last. Everytime he wore it in public, he said, people would run away from him screaming. Was his tie possessed? Was this common? What could he do about it? Well, Neil, judging from the photo of the tie that you sent to me, I doubt your problems have as much to do with supernatural influence as they do with your Aunt Lisa's taste. Moving on to your other questions, yes — clothes do get themselves haunted. Here are some key examples:

The Emperor's New Clothes
In the late seventh century, a type of Class six ultragremlin infested the workshops of the *Embroidery and Bespoke Tabard Makers Guild* in Ertworpe, a province of the Holy Roaming Empire. Things came to a bit of a disaster when Emperor Ludovic the Image-Conscious commissioned a full new wardrobe from the Guild. Ludovic was enormously pleased with the ermine and velvet salopettes, satin brocade tank-top and cable-stitch muffler that the Guild provided for him. However, he was



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slightly less impressed when they all disappeared in a puff of ectoplasmic vapour in the middle of the incredibly serious Ceremony of Being Very Serious As Befits An Emperor (at which the first rule is 'There shall be no sniggering, or unnecessary pointing, unless, it be under the direction of the Chief Seneschal Steward of Pointing'). Ludovic is now considered to be the World's first fashion victim.

Rowdy Stonebleached

A cowboy trail hand on the Grissolm Trail in the 1880's. Rowdy Stonebleached became a notorious gunslinger and all-round six-gun devil after his chaps got possessed by a malicious Class two Vocal Manifest. The previously mild-mannered cowpoke found that his leg guards would start making nasty and

insulting comments when ever anyone else was around, and given the volatile nature of the Wild West, this was enough to provoke a quick-draw response from his buddies. He was forced to defend himself against the Sheriff of Wastepipe Gulch as his chaps had said "Howdy, Bignose! Say! Have the Sioux ever mistook your snout for a tee-pee?" Against Black Jack McSnack-attack and his desperadoes ("Hey, what are you guys? Winners of the Worst Dressed Tramps In Utah competition?") and against nine hundred members of the Hatchet Feather Tribe ("How? I'll show you how ..."). Stonebleached finally met his end when he was drowned by the leaders of a wagon train that he was guiding across Missouri. Halfway across the storm-swollen Missouri River, as the settlers were struggling to keep calm and to control their panicking livestock, Stonbleached's chaps shouted "Shark!"

Word on the ecto-fashion grapevine says that this season, red-lined black capes are out, and anything by the fashion house of B.I. Zebub is in: flared horns, distressed big sharp pointy teeth in seersucker and briny-nylon, and thulking straps are being worn undone and untucked in a touch of laissez-faire.

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

FUN SCARE!

SOMEWHERE IN TOWN...

NOW YOU PROMISE TO BE GOOD, *SLIMER*, OR WE'LL GO STRAIGHT BACK TO H.Q.

YESSY, RAY RAY!



NOW COME ON, *SLIMER*! CONTROL YOURSELF! I WANT TO GO ON A FEW RIDES BEFORE WE START EATING



FORGET ABOUT YOUR STOMACH, YOU'LL LOVE THIS RIDE!

YUMMY YUM ICECREAMY! WITH FLAKY WAKE!



YARRGHOOO!

BORING!



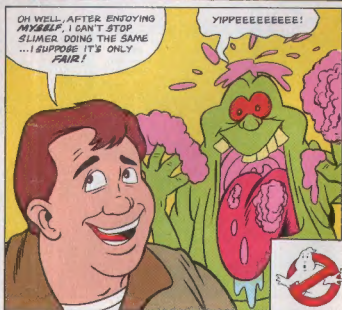
Yawn!

WOOO! RIDE 'EM, COWBOY!



THIS IS DRAGGY!

YIPPEEE! FASTER, FASTER!



A DON BLUTH FILM

All Dogs Go To Heaven™

U



From the Director of
AN AMERICAN TAIL and **THE LAND BEFORE TIME**

GOLDCREST A SULLIVAN/BLUTH STUDIOS IRELAND LTD. PRODUCTION A DON BLUTH FILM "ALL DOGS GO TO HEAVEN"
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BORED SPOOK-LESS!



Story JOHN FREEMAN  Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and DAVE HARWOOD

Ghostbusting has its ups and downs, but you never get bored – or do you...?

"I'm bored!" screamed Peter Venkman at the top of his voice. The noise was so sudden and surprising that Slimer actually stopped eating his salami and marmalade quadruple-decker sandwich. "Whassamatterreee, Peteee?" Slimer asked, looking worried. Peter gave the friendly ghost a hard stare. "I thought I just explained," he said, pacing the Ghostbusters' lounge in a way that would soon wear out the carpet. "Four weeks and we've had no ghosts to bust at all! Four weeks sitting around, watching football, playing ping pong, night clubbing – with no interruptions from freaky phantoms!"

"Holiday is?" suggested Slimer, spluttering green goo all over Peter's latest jazz magazine. Peter didn't even notice, he was too busy ranting.

"Never mind holiday," he shouted again. "How am I going to pay the rent? What do I eat?! This is serious!"

"You could be right, Peter," Egon cut in from the stairs. He was wearing a strange machine on his head which looked like a colander with a scouring pad stretched out all over it, and carried a large, bleeping device in his hand. "Not another fancy dress party," said Peter, slumping onto the couch. "I'm bored with those, too! No-one even comes as a ghost to cause a panic!"

"This is not fancy dress," replied Egon, putting the bleeping device down on the coffee table. It began to buzz alarmingly as Slimer approached it, curiously. "Yeeeeeek!" said Slimer.

"What is that thing?" asked Peter, suddenly interested in something for the first time in three weeks. Egon picked it up, pulled a wire from the side and plugged it into his strange helmet. The helmet began to bloop back at the device's bleeps.

"This is probably one of the most important breakthroughs I've ever made in psychic research," Egon began, a smile

on his face. "After months of research, this device will set up new parameters in the fields of ghostbusting, establish a new period of..."

"Yeah, yeah, spare me the sales pitch," Peter yawned. "Just tell me what it does."

"Yes, why have you got my colander on your head," asked Ray as both he and Winston came up the stairs from the garage, both wearing Proton Packs and Guns and looking bored. "After a false ghost alarm in El Segundo, we need all the entertainment we can get to liven us up!"

Egon stood up and began to pace the room (which also began to wear out the carpet, squashing a few spores he'd forgotten he'd planted under it for research purposes and causing a revolution in a sub-atomic world that was a piece of mud on one of Ray's old socks – but that's another story).

"This device heightens a person's awareness to psychic phenomena," explained Egon. "As you know, much of a ghost's 'scare factor' is due to the sonic wavelengths it operates on, which reverberate through certain centres of the brain and increase tension, stress and ultimately, heighten a person's paranoia of the paranormal..."

"Huh?" said Peter.

"That means ghosts make a noise that sends you running for the shelter of your beds, Peter," hissed Winston, "cept we can't hear it, right, Egon?"

"That's an affirmative, er, Winston. This device does hear that noise however –", Egon waved the box at Slimer and the bleeps and bloops started to pick up in speed. "Slimer isn't a good subject," Egon added. "His ultrasonics are at a real minimum because he's so friendly."

"Yessssss!" squealed Slimer.

"So where does that leave us?" said Peter. "It still looks like a silly hat to me – and how much did it cost?"

"By concentrating, I can detect any ghosts in a given area without the need of a PKE meter," Egon said quickly. "I can 'see' where they are in my head and track them down. I can increase the range from ten feet to ten miles with this control box." The control box beeped helpfully in agreement.

"All right!" said Peter. "So where are the ghosts? Let's get them!"

"I was, er, afraid you'd asked that, because I haven't detected any in four weeks," Egon replied. "Except Slimer, of course."

"None?"

"Not a whisper?"

"Not even a Class three Free-Roaming Spirit?"

"Not even a Class one Random Sprite, Peter."

Ray stared at the colander. "Did you know some of those wires aren't connected?" he muttered. "Is that important?"

Egon looked at Ray. His mouth dropped open. Peter looked at Ray. Winston looked out the window. Lightning crashed across the sky. Ray plugged in the trailing wires.

BLOOPBLEEPBLIPBLIPBLIPBLIPBLIP went the colander, which started smoking. Egon pulled it off his head. "Back to the drawing board," he sighed.

A huge, four-armed ghost burst up through the carpet; slime, bright lights and a dozen different special effects in tow.

"Blast you, Egon!" it screamed. "Creating technology twenty three and a half years ahead of its time in your lunch hour!"

"Force of habit," quipped Egon.

"We had you," hissed the Class seven scheming demon. "We nearly bored you back to jobs in the city, or whatever. If you hadn't thought of a new detection system —"

"Oh, shut up," said Winston, blasting the demon with his Proton Gun.

"Ha!" screamed the demon. "I've been saving my psychic energy for four weeks under your carpet! Under your very noses! One Proton Gun won't dispatch

me!" The demon waved his clawed hand.

"Now to summon the other powers and finish you for good! Don't worry — it's going to be quite painful!"

Egon picked up the colander, pressing buttons on the control box. "Catch," he said, throwing the contraption at the demon.

"No!" it squealed as the colander hit it. Sparks flew, lightning crashed, there was a sudden implosion of air and the demon vanished, wailing.

"What — what happened?" said Peter, stunned, staring at a smoking hole in the carpet and some blackened spores.

"I shorted the demon out," said Egon.

"Made him use all the energy he'd saved for weeks in one go. I think he imploded back to wherever he came from."

"You mean — it got indigestion?" asked Ray. Egon picked up the ruined detection gear and looked out the window. "Yes," he replied. "Well, I suppose that means all the ghosts will be back to their old tricks."

"And perhaps some new ones," added Peter hopefully. "After all, we wouldn't ever want to get bored, would we?"

In reply, Janine's phone began to ring frantically below them in reception.



60 REAL GHOSTBUSTERS BIN-SEATS TO BE WON!

PRIMEUR

Does your bedroom look as if a Class Eight Full-Torso Mess-Generating Phantom has gone ten rounds with a Class Nine Semi-Viscous Disorder Demon? Does your playroom look like Slimer has been spending all his free time carefully rearranging all your toys so that the carpet can no longer be seen. If this is the case then it is time to enter our competition!

and have got together to offer you one of sixty fantastic

These bin seats are cunningly disguised storage bins for hiding away all your toys, books and comics. But, the extra special part about them is that they are made with a sturdy base and lid, and added on to this is a cushion, so that once you have tidied up you can sit on the bin and enjoy the latest issue of comic.



HOW TO ENTER: All you have to do is complete the crossword below, find out the hidden word,

The clues are:

- 1) The first Ghostbusters bust?
- 2) Another word for ghostly residue?
- 3) The Ghostbusters receptionist?
- 4) The inventor of the Proton Packs?
- 5) The chosen form of the Destructor?
- 6) One of the minions of Gozer?



DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and
what's more, it's a true tale of terror!
Dare you read on?



The sound of heavy footsteps from a vacant bedroom marked the start of sleepless nights for a family of highly respected Quakers one January night in 1835

The Procter's lived in a picturesque mill in the Northumberland village of Willington, in England's rugged north-east countryside. They had always dismissed the rumours of 'hauntings' at the Mill and for over ten years had lived happily, completely phantom free in fact.

Servants and other members of the family also heard strange sounds and at one point it seemed as though the whole house had been taken over by unseen people slamming doors, dragging chairs, breathing heavily. The haunting remained in sound

only until a young servant called Mary Young saw a woman in a lavender silk dress walk upstairs into one of the rooms. That evening the noises in the house were much worse than anybody had heard before. This happened on Whit Monday and coincided with a visit from Mrs Procter's sisters. That evening as they lay together in the four-poster bed, they felt it being raised off the floor before being violently shaken.

Such hauntings continued until the summer of 1840 when the family were so distressed that they allowed a Mr Edward Drury, a specialist in supernatural investigations, to spend a night in the mill. He took with him a friend who fell asleep in a chair in the bedroom. Drury lay awake keeping watch, his eyes drawn to the closet. A female figure swung open the

door, its right hand reaching out to the slouched man in the chair. Drury let out a scream, "There she is. Keep her off. For God's sake, keep her away!" He was discovered in a state of terror by Mr Procter who carried him downstairs away from the 'Grey Lady.' Shortly after this event one of the Procter children told Mary, the young servant girl, "There's a lady sitting on mama's bed. She has no eyes, only eyeholes, and she stares hard at me.

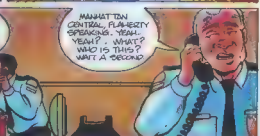
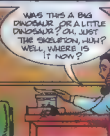
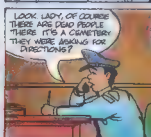
The family discovered that the mill had been built on the site of an old cottage where a terrible crime had been committed by the woman occupier. A priest had refused to let the woman confess her sin and so through her guilt and anguish, she wandered the earth unable to be at peace with her conscience.



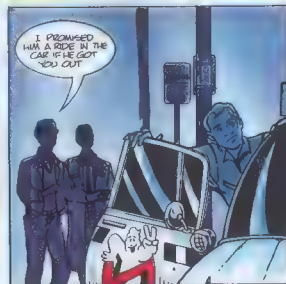
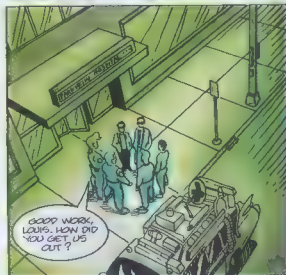
THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™ in GHOSTBUSTERS II

Part Fifteen: The coming
of Viper the L...
coincides with the river
of slime re...
Museum
...
elsewhere

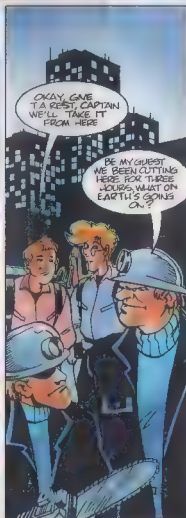
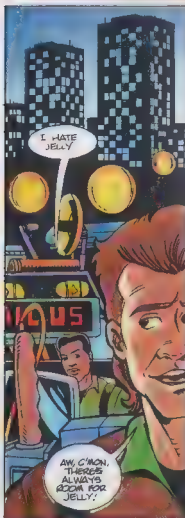
5:45 AM AND 5:45 AM
UNDER ECLIPSE

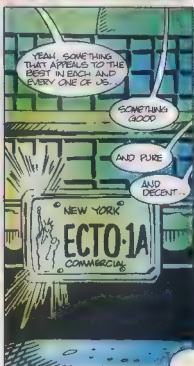
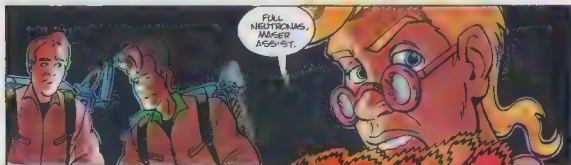


PIER 24



OUTSIDE THE MUSEUM
MOMENTS LATER



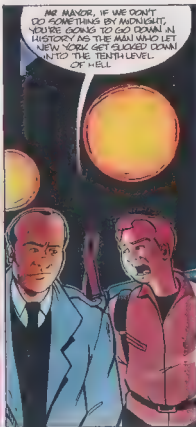




LOOK, I'VE HAD IT WITH YOU GET YOUR STUFF TOGETHER, GET BACK IN THAT CLOWN CAR AND GET OUT OF HERE! THIS IS A CITY MATTER AND EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL!



OH, YOU THINK SO? WELL, I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU, YOU'VE GOT DRACULA'S BROTHER-IN-LAW IN THERE AND HE'S GOT MY GIRLFRIEND AND HER KID AROUND MIDNIGHT TONIGHT, THIS GUY'S GOING TO COME TO LIFE AND START DENYING MATELIE HEAD TRANSPLANTS, AND THAT'S JUST ROUND ONE

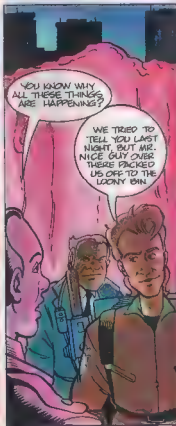


MR. MANOR, IF WE DON'T DO SOMETHING BY MIDNIGHT, YOU'RE GOING TO GO DOWN IN HISTORY AS THE MAN WHO LET NEW YORK GET SLICKED DOWN INTO THE TENTH LEVEL OF HELL



CAN YOU GET INTO THAT MUSEUM?

IF I HAD A NUCLEAR WAR-HEAD MAYBE



YOU KNOW WHY ALL THESE THINGS ARE HAPPENING?

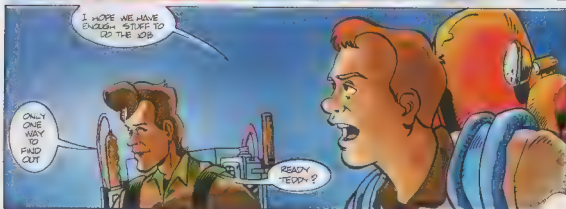
WE TRIED TO TELL YOU LAST NIGHT, BUT MR. NICE GUY OVER THERE PACKED US OFF TO THE LOONY BIN



THIS IS PREPOSTEROUS! YOU CAN'T SERIOUSLY BELIEVE ALL THIS JUNKBO JUNKBO! IT'S THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, FOR CRIST'S SAKE, SHOUT LOUD!



LIBERTY ISLAND,
NEW YORK HARBOUR



GH⁰ST WRITING!



Okay, here I go again delving into the most horrific things the Real Ghostbusters have ever had to face!

Dear Peter...

I have some questions for Ray:

1. If you invented ECTO-3, what would it be? A boat?
2. Did you ever recapture the Library and Taxi-cab ghost from the movie 'Ghostbusters'?
3. What was the average amount of Psycho-magnetheric energy measured on the Giga-meter when you went on jobs in Ghostbusters II.
4. How come the Proton Packs and other equipment changed in the comic?
5. Do the Slime Blowers relate to the Ecto-Splat Guns?
6. Could you tell me how you get your hair like that? I think it's absolutely amazing, and I've tried getting a quiff like that?

– Tim Hall, Fareham.

Ray says: 1. We haven't invented ECTO-3 yet, but I'm sure that if we do it will be something as equally useful as ECTO-2! 2. Wow, that's incredible! I was only thinking about them just the other day, and if I remember correctly it was in issue four that we caught up with the Taxi-cab ghost. As for the Library Ghost, if we never see her again it will be too soon! 3. As you probably know Egon and I had been working on a guage to measure Psychomagnetheric energy in GEV's, which are giga electron volts – giga being a thousand million. So obviously anything that we picked on the meter was pretty gigantic – let's just say it was high! 4. I didn't know that they did! 5. Yep! 6. Why, I'm flattered that anybody should like my hair, it's normally always Peter that gets all the compliments.

Would you please tell me what P.K.E. stands for?
– Neil Davidson, Dalbeattie

Easy-peasy! It stands for Psycho-Kinetic Energy.

I have a question to ask you:

1. What happens to the ghosts in the Containment Unit when you have a power cut?

– Barry De Boise, Tottenham

I guess they just have to use candles like everybody else!

I have some questions for you:

1. Do the Traps have wheels?
2. Do the Proton Packs have to

be recharged?

– Sean Evans, Kingston.

1. Yeah, but they're small, so you wouldn't see them normally! 2. They are unlicensed nuclear accelerators, so consequently they would not have to be recharged until the nuclear elements reached their half-life, which is many hundreds of years!

1. In 'Ghostbusters', Janine had black and brown hair, but in 'Ghostbusters II' she had red hair and looked completely different. Why is this?

2. How many back-packs do you have?

3. Did you meet Bobby Brown in 'Ghostbusters II'?

– Enda Morgan, Dublin.

1. Just fashion, I guess! 2. One for each of us, plus a few spares! 3. Yeah, he opened the door for us when we went in to rap with the mayor!

I would like to ask you some questions:

1. What are the Proton streams made of?
 2. How much do the Proton Packs weigh?
 3. Are they hard to handle?
- Paul Hayton, Allonby.

1. Ion particles of negative energy! 2. Heavy! Boy, are they heavy! Probably about as much as Ray does! If not more! 3. Yep! Hard to handle, heavy, cumbersome, ungainly! Sounds more and more like Ray every time I speak!

SLIMER!

IT HAS MORE SLIME PER SQUARE INCH
THAN ANY OTHER COMIC-
AND WHO'S RESPONSIBLE?



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Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**
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What kind of breakfast does Dracula eat in the winter?

Ready-neck!

— Andrew Davies, Runcorn

What is a snake's favourite football team?

Slitherpool!

— Douglas Hoskins, Glasgow

What's blue and slimey?

Slimer holding his breath!

— Catherine Hillen, N. Ireland

What goes up and wobbles?

A jelly-copter!

— Carl Green, Bolton.

What do ghosts wear on their feet?

Boooooooooooooo!

— Kenneth Hague, Rotheram

What did the ghost writer say?

"I only write when the spirit moves me!"

— Mark Standlick, Bally Kelly



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INFLATABLE EGON!



IN JUST 7 DAYS



BLIMEY!
IT'S...

HOWDY DOODEE, GOOD BUDDY! WHY DO THEY CALL YOU-HOO FACE-ACE? HUH? WHY DEY DO DAT? HUH?

SEE WHIZ!

SLIMER...

...I DON'T...

...HAVE A...

...CLUE!

JEOPERS CREEPERS! SLIMER KNOW WHY THEY CALL YOU - HOO FACE-ACE!

YOU POP?

SEE WHIZ?

WHAT?

WHAT?

WHAT?